



MILKERS PARADISE 2

Crimson Rose



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Leading her guests to the front door, Miranda stopped and turned to face them. "Go ahead and read and sign the forms."

"Um, we're not going inside?" Jeremy asked as his eyes went from her to her daughter Megan to his friend Ashley who was standing butt naked to his right with milk steadily dripping from her hard nipples.

"Everything beyond this point is recorded so you need to read and sign the forms giving consent before we go any further," Miranda explained. "Sweetie, your slave is leaking," she said to her daughter.

"I'll drink it!" Maggie exclaimed, her cheeks turning bright red as she avoided her best friend's surprised gaze.

"Go right ahead," Miranda smiled. "Just remember, you've agreed to do it so you'll be required to drink the milk of anyone that asks."

"Um, I haven't signed anything yes," Maggie replied. Walking over to her best friend she leaned in and was just about to latch on for her first drink when she was stopped by Miranda's hand in front of her mouth. "Hey! What gives?"

"You're right, you haven't signed anything yet which means you do not have permission to use my property."

"Sorry," Ashley apologized to her best friend as Megan latched onto her left nipple. "Mmmm," thank you Mistress.

"You didn't require me to sign when I drank his piss," Maggie huffed as she nodded to her friend.

"He's not my property."

"No I'm not," Jeremy said as his eyes quickly drifted over the words on the page of a consent to be recorded form. "I'm not submissive, but god damn you almost make it worth it."

“Almost? What would I have to do to make it worth your time?” Miranda asked, always in the market for another slave to train. “How would you like unrestricted access to my gorgeous daughter? Or my other three slaves inside?”

“Unrestricted?”

“They would be yours to do with as you please. And all you have to do is become my property.”

“And get branded?”

“Of course.”

“No thanks.”

“Your loss.” Leaning against the wall to the left of the front door, Miranda watched as her guests read and one by one signed each of the pages until finished. When she had the three folders in hand, she looked at each of them and smiled. “Thank you for reading and signing. Obey the rules and you’ll be just fine. Disobey and I can make your stay here a miserable one.” Turning the knob, she pushed the door open and invited her guests in.

Once inside Ashley’s training kicked in and she went into full on puppy mode. Dropping on all fours, she gave the young men and women waiting – the former impatiently, a wide smile as she crawled over to the coffee table and sat like the puppy she was being trained to be. Not fully understanding what was going on, Nineteen year old Brianna Taylor quickly stripped out of her clothes and then she too crawled over to the coffee table and sat next to her friend. Jeremy gave them both a raised brow but was more interested with the three naked women standing in front of the couch.

“Um, I don’t recall reading anything in the paperwork indicating we had to strip and sit like a dog,” Maggie said as she watched her female friends.

“That’s because it’s not in the paperwork,” Miranda replied. “Ashley did it because she’s being trained as a puppy slave. I’m not entirely certain why Brianna did it but now that she has she’ll continue playing the part of puppy for as long as she’s here.” Turning her attention to Brianna, she continued. “That means remaining on all fours at all times except when commanded otherwise, barking once for yes and twice for no and only speaking when asked a question

requiring more than a yes or no answer and eating and drinking from bowls like a dog. It also requires you to wear the appropriate puppy gear.”

“Um, what about using the bathroom?” Jeremy asked.

“Speaking of which, I need to piss so get over here Ashley,” Mike commanded.”

“Actually, Jeremy will be drinking your piss,” Miranda said. “As for your question...”

“I’m not drinking his piss!” Jeremy exclaimed. “I’ll drink it from the women but...”

“You agreed to drink pee. You read the rules, now get on your knees and drink his pee or you’ll be disciplined.” Miranda cut her guest off. “As for using the bathroom, they’ll do it as any other human would. They are also permitted to stand to shower, wash their hands and brush their teeth. Everything else will be done as a dog. Is that understood?” Miranda asked, her eyes locked on Brianna’s.

“A-Arf,” Brianna barked nervously.

“Good girl. As for you,” Miranda said to Jeremy “You’ve got three seconds to get on your knees and start drinking or you’ll be disciplined.”

“I’m not gay and there’s no way in hell I’m putting another man’s dick in my mouth.”

“Then I’ll just skip straight to permanently banning you from my property. You have five minutes to get in your car and leave and then I’m calling the police and filing trespassing charges against you.”

“You leave and you can forget about ever touching me again,” Maggie said in the hopes it would convince her friend to stay. Unfortunately, it had little effect.

“Whatever,” Jeremy huffed as he threw the front door open and stormed out into the night.

“His loss,” Miranda shrugged. “Maggie, why don’t you drink his piss while I do the introductions?”

“Yes Ma’am.” Walking over to a young man she did not know, Maggie knelt with hand on her knees. Leaning in, she took him into her mouth and a moment later was drinking pee for only the second time.

“Good girl,” Miranda said. “Okay, before you all run off and do your own thing let’s get the introductions out of the way. Maggie, Brianna these are my sons Mike and Allyn and my other slaves Julia, Kimora and Jiang. Everyone, these are Ashley’s friends Maggie and Brianna. Maggie has agreed to drink piss and as you’ve all seen Brianna is now a puppy for as long as she wishes to stay. Speaking of which, I have plenty of room so you’re welcome to stay for as long as you like. Brianna, how long do you think you’ll be staying?”

“Um, if I give a specific time am I required to stay that long or am I allowed to leave, Ma’am?” Brianna asked.

“No one is going to keep you here against your will. That being said, as you all just read extended stays are the exception to the rules in that if you say you’re staying for two weeks then that is how long you’ll be required to do everything you agreed to upon first arrival no matter how many times you come and go during that time,” Miranda explained. “So I’ll ask again, how long will you be staying with us?”

“I don’t want to overstay my welcome and I have no idea if I’ll like this whole puppy thing so I’ll just say the night if that’s okay, Ma’am.”

“That’s perfectly okay. And you Maggie?”

“She’ll answer just as soon as she’s done sucking me off,” Mike said as he slammed his hard cock down Maggie’s accepting throat.

“Fair enough. Megan, why don’t you take your puppies to your room and put them in the proper gear while your brother finishes with Maggie?”

“Yes Ma’am. Come on pets, let’s go get you dressed,” Megan said.

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In the back of the house Megan opened a door and ushered her pets into her master suite. Knowing exactly what to expect, Ashley crawled towards the bed and then lowered her head while leaving her ass raised. Not knowing what else

to do, Brianna followed suit. Minutes later, the nervous young woman felt the tip of a plug slowly push into her ass. The semi-rigid silicone grew thicker by the centimeter and she barely took half of it before whining like a puppy.

“Relax and it’ll go in easier,” Megan said as she pulled the plug out and fucked it back into Brianna’s ass. “It’s big but trust me, it’ll fit. Isn’t that right, Ashley?”

“Arf!” Ashley barked in reply.

Preferring a stretched ass to a caned one, Brianna did her best to relax as the large black plug was fucked in and out. Seconds turned to minutes. To alleviate the discomfort she reached back to rub her clit but was stopped by a command from Megan. Whimpering, she moved her hand away and closed her eyes to think about anything other than the toy wrecking her asshole.

“Ashley, roll over.” No sooner were the words out of her mouth than Megan’s first sex slave rolled onto her back and brought her legs up while spreading them open. “Brianna, you may crawl on top of your friend and eat her out while I finish fucking the plug up your ass. Is that understood?”

Having never had sex with another woman before, Brianna paused.

“Is that going to be a problem, my pet? You may speak with your human voice.”

“I’ve never been with another woman before, Ma’am.”

“Neither had Ashley but that didn’t stop her from being a good slave and doing as her Mistress commanded. You’re not my salve, of course, but it would greatly please me if you had sex with your friend while I work the plug up your ass.”

“H-How much more do I have to take, Ma’am?”

“About five inches,” Megan answered. “The plugs that are part of the puppy gear are approximately ten inches long and three inches at the thickest so it’s going to take some time to fit it all in your tight ass. So, will you have sex with your friend, my pet, or no?”

Brianna thought about it as she felt her asshole stretching another fraction of an inch around the massive plug. She had nothing against lesbian sex but at the same time she also had no particular desire to do it herself. Nevertheless, she had

a lot of toy to take and the butterflies bombarding her stomach told her she would be tasting pussy one way or another before the night was over so she took a deep breath, exhaled and then crawled on top of Ashley.

“Mistress, can she please drink my milk before eating me out?” Ashley asked as a few drops dripped from her nipples.

“She may spend five minutes on each nipple if she wants,” Megan answered.

“Thank you Mistress.”

Silently thanking her friend, Brianna flipped around, leaned down and sucked Ashley’s left nipple into her mouth. As soon as the sweet nectar touched her tongue two things happened at once. First, her clit tingled with excitement. And second, she rocked her hips back hard. Two inches of the huge butt plug forced its way into her ass causing her to squeal. A hand on the back of her head brought her mouth back to her friend’s nipple. Doing her best to ignore the pain in her backside, Brianna drank.

After ten long minutes Brianna still had several inches of plug to take. Time for drinking over, she flipped around, lowered her head and slowly ran her tongue along Ashley’s slit. Savoring her friend’s flavors and scents, she continued licking. When Ashley nibbled her hooded clit or inner labia, she did the same while also tugging the tunnels in her friend’s outer labia. The time for humiliation over, she relaxed and enjoyed having sex with another woman while Megan continued fucking the plug in and out of her ass.

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Meanwhile, in the living room Maggie added Mike’s semen to her belly full of piss and was just about to ask to be taken to her friends when Allyn walked over. Without being asked she sucked his cock down her throat expecting him to piss but instead he let her suck.

“Kimora, make yourself useful and pleasure our guest,” Allyn commanded the stunning, caramel skinned house slave.

“Yes Master.”

Before arriving, Maggie never would have let another woman near her sexually,

but since drinking piss and licking another woman for several minutes before reading and signing the rules, she instead raised her ass and spread her legs to give Kimora easy access.

“Well, you guys have fun. Jiang, Julia you’re with me,” Miranda said. Her two slaves in tow, she made her way to her suite in the west wing of the huge house.

A puppy tail added to the base of the massive plug in her ass, Brianna was then put in a pair of thigh-high boots and bicep length gloves ending in paws, a studded black leather collar and a headband with ears. To keep it out of the way, her long black hair was tightly braided. Then, as she sat like a puppy, she watched Ashley being put in the same gear.

“How’s your ass feeling, my pet?”

“It’s a little sore but nothing I can’t handle, Ma’am,” Brianna answered.

“Glad to hear it. And did you like having sex with my slave?”

“ARF!” Brianna excitedly barked.

“Good girl.”

“May I ask a question, Ma’am?”

“Because you’re being so good I’ll permit it,” Megan said as she put the glove over Ashley’s right hand and slowly rolled it up her arm.

“Thank you Ma’am. I couldn’t help but notice everyone here is lactating and most of the women are pregnant. Is that a requirement to be your slave or something?”

“Or something,” Megan grinned. “Actually, breeding is just part of being a slave in general. Or rather performing every sexual act without question or hesitation. Why, do you want to be used as a dairy and breeding cow?”

“No Ma’am. I’m not even remotely ready to have kids and I wouldn’t know how to induce lactation even if I wanted to.”

“Do you want to?”

“I’d be lying if I said no, Ma’am. I can’t believe I’m saying it, but I really loved

drinking Ashley's milk."

"You can be as big as she is and producing just as much milk in two or three weeks."

"SERIOUSLY?" Brianna exclaimed.

"Seriously. All you need to do is take a pill once a day for the next ninety days."

"Ninety? But you just said two or three weeks, Ma'am."

"Two or three weeks to produce our volume of milk, but it takes ninety days for you to complete the entire course of pills."

"I've never heard of anything like that before Ma'am. Is this some black market stuff or something?"

"Or something. I'll just say it was invented by someone you know and has been in use by many women over the last twenty years. So, would you like huge tits and enough milk to feed a small army?"

"Yes Ma'am."

"I can give you the pills but you need to do something for me in return."

"What do I need to do, Ma'am?"

"Three things. First, you must remain here as my pet for the entire three month duration. Second, you must let my mother mark you as a dairy cow and my slave. And three, as soon as you start producing you must get a job at Milkers Paradise."

"Mark me, Ma'am?"

"You'll be tattooed, my pet. So, do we have a deal?"

"I'll be trained as a pet like Ashley and I'll have to live here for three months?"

"Correct. And just so we're on the same page, you'll spend those three months as my sex slave obeying every command without hesitation or complaint whether you like it or not. Anyways, you'll be here for a day so think about it

and let me know when you're ready." Putting the ears on Ashley's head, Megan took a step back. "Alright bitches, you ready to go for a walk?"

"Arf," Ashley and Brianna barked in unison, the latter hoping Megan meant around the house and property and not on the streets where they could be seen by everyone. Then, given the fact that they were still mostly naked she surmised it was probably going to be the former. Leashes attached to their collars, Ashley and Brianna crawled out of Megan's bedroom, through the house and out to the living room to see Maggie doing a sixty-nine with Kimora while Allyn fucked her ass from behind.

"Glad to see you're having fun," Megan said. "I'm taking my bitches for a walk so keep her entertained until we get back would you?"

"I think that can be arranged," Allyn said as he slammed his hard cock in and out of Maggie's ass. "You hear that," he said as his sister led her puppies into the kitchen "we've got two whole hours to have fun. What do you say we take this to the dungeon?"

"Yes Master," Kimora obediently replied.

"I wasn't talking to you slave."

"Sorry Master."

"Don't worry, you're coming with us. Assuming she wants to have some real fun and test her limits that is."

"Sure, why not?" Maggie replied. "I've already pushed several limits already so what's a few more?"

"That's the spirit," Allyn said as he pulled his dick from her ass. "And you can start by cleaning my cock."

"Y-Yes Sir." Rolling off of Kimora, Maggie gulped back her pride and performed her first ever ass-to-mouth.

"Good girl. You've got nice tits, Maggie, but how would you like even bigger and constantly full of milk?"

“I haven’t told anyone yet but I actually started inducing last month but haven’t produced anything yet,” Maggie replied. “According to my cousin and everything I’ve been able to read online it can take several months.”

“Or a couple of weeks with the right medication. Didn’t Ashley tell you how hers grew so fast?”

“She said she induced.”

“She lied. Every woman here from my mother and sister to the slaves including your friend rapidly induced using a very special, hard to find pill invented by Ashley’s mother like two decades ago. My mother was actually one of her first test subjects. Anyways, if you’d like much larger breasts that produce enough milk to feed twenty people a day then all you need to do is agree to be my slave for the next three months.”

“If such a pill existed everyone would’ve heard about it,” Maggie said with obvious skepticism.

“It was never put on the market and from my understanding a very limited supply remains. You’ll start producing massive quantities of milk in just a couple of weeks but it’s a ninety day course which is why you’ll need to be my slave for three months.”

“And how do I know you’re telling me the truth and not just attempting to turn me into your sex slave?”

“One, I would never try tricking you or anyone else into being my slave. And two, if you don’t believe me you can ask Ashley when they get back from their walk. Think about it while you’re submitting to me in the dungeon.”

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Meanwhile, outside Megan was walking her two pets along the tightly packed dirt path towards the lit wooded trails she liked to stroll late at night when she was having difficulties sleeping. As they reached the large barn called the party room, she tugged their leashes. Ashley immediately stopped and sat like a puppy but Brianna went another step and a half before realizing she had come to the end of her leash.

“Seeing as how you agreed to be my pet for the next twenty-four hours without any former training, I think now’s as good a time as any to go over a few commands,” Megan said as she watched her newest pet turn and sit. “Tugging the leash as I did means stop, turn to face me and sit. Two rapid tugs like this,” she gave Brianna’s leash two swift tugs “means to speed up. I know that seems like an impossibility now, but take it from Ashley when I say you’ll learn. Isn’t that right my pet?”

“ARF!” Ashley excitedly barked.

“Good girl. Now, you already know how to properly sit like a dog so I’ll skip that one and teach you a few more. When I give the position Ashley will assume it and then so will you. Is that understood?”

“Arf,” Brianna barked yes.

“Good girl. Beg.” As soon as the word was out of her mouth Ashley sat back in a kneeling position and raised her hands out in front of her like a dog begging for attention or a treat. Brianna quickly followed suit. “While there will be times I command you to assume it, the begging position’s main purpose is for you to let me know you need to talk like a human. Once assumed wait for me to say speak before saying anything or you’ll be disciplined. Is that understood?”

“Arf.”

“Good Girl. I like to call the next position breed because, well, when assumed you’re going to be bred like a bitch in heat.” As she spoke Ashly dropped back onto all fours and then lowered her upper body until her forearms were flat on the ground while keeping her plugged ass high and legs spread wide. Brianna watched and then quickly assumed what just happened to be her favorite position. “My god you both make sexy bitches,” Megan said as she walked up and slapped Brianna’s ass. “I think I’ll called some men over in the morning to breed you. Any complaints?”

“Arf, arf,” Ashley barked twice for no.

Thinking about what was just said, Brianna paused and then sat back in the begging position. She waited a good thirty seconds before Megan gave her permission to speak. “Sorry, but when you say men how many are we talking, Ma’am?”

“Only thirty or so.”

“GOOD GOD!”

“Are you on birth control my pet?”

“No Ma’am.”

“Well, the likelihood of them knocking you up after one gang bang are pretty slim though not out of the realm of possibility. I should also mention if you agree to become my slave in order to take the pills you’ll be bred by black men every single day. And if you don’t believe me just ask your friend. Go ahead, Ashley, tell her how many times you had sex in the last three months.”

“Two-thousand-eight-hundred-seventy-four times, Mistress.” Turning to face her friend, Ashley nervously smiled. “I had sex with thirty men twelve hours a day every single day for three straight months. They weren’t all in my pussy as I had to let the piercings heel, but that’s where they all deposited their loads.”

“Fucking hell Ashley! How are you even able to walk?”

“You get used to it. You also get used to taking their big black cocks in every hole and sometimes double in the same hole. Talk about a nice stretch.”

“So, all you’ve had sex with so far are black men?”

“No. Once I was confirmed pregnant I was permitted to have sex with Masters Mike and Allyn. I’ve also had sex with all the women here including you,” Ashley smiled. Friday I start work at Milkers Paradise where I’m sure I’ll have sex with even more men and women and experience other sexual perversions I’ve yet to imagine.”

“And you’re honestly excited about that?”

“God yes! I’ve never been more excited about anything in my life. And since Mistress told you about the pills – something I was told to keep completely secret by the way, you should know everything about it. First, it was invented by my mother Nadine about twenty years ago and it absolutely works wonders. What Mistress didn’t tell you and what I didn’t learn until it was too late is that there are two reasons it was never approved by the FDA. First, the effects are

permanent. Once you start lactating using the pill you'll never stop. And second, it's an extremely powerful aphrodisiac that will keep you constantly horny and ready for sex. And while no one has ever mentioned this as a side effect I feel so much more submissive after taking it than I ever did before. Which, I think, is one of the biggest reasons I so willingly became a sex slave."

"I see. So by taking these pills I'll be subjecting myself to a life of lactation, constant horniness and submission?"

"Lactation and constant horniness? Absolutely. Submission? Maybe. Like I said, no one else has mentioned it as a side effect and it could just be all in my head but I certainly never thought of myself as submissive until I started taking it."

"You've already said if I was your slave I'd have to work at this club so that answers one question and I already know I'm allowed to have friends over so what I want to know is what you get out of it, Ma'am."

"The pleasure of turning a beautiful, smart young woman into a mindless fucktoy willing to perform the most humiliating, degrading and taboo perversion known to man to satisfy her own insatiable sex drive," Megan answered honestly. "But like I said, you have an entire day to make up your mind so let's continue with your puppy training. The next position is..."

"This is fucked up in more ways than I care to count but I'll do it...Mistress," Brianna said. "In exchange for the pills I'll be your slave."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes Mistress. Just thinking about it has my clit tingling all kinds of excited."

"Then I gladly accept you as my slave." It took many months to be certain, but Megan discovered that the aphrodisiac effects of the pills were transferred to those that drank it and that the effects were amplified the more one drank. Which would account for Brianna's current behavior. But she was not about to tell her or anyone else that. "I'll let my brothers know you're off limits until pregnant. Now, let's get back to the training."

“Holy shit!” Maggie exclaimed as she stepped into a dungeon for the first time. “I mean, I’ve seen Fifty Shades but...damn! Is there anything you don’t have in here, Sir?”

“Very little. You can thank my mother as it’s technically her dungeon but we all have access to it when needed. Before we get started we have two options. First, you can accept my deal and become my sex slave for the next three months in exchange for the pills, in which case you’re mine to do with as I please without exception. Or we can spend the next couple of hours going over a very detailed list of fetishes to see what your limits are. I think you know what I’d choose, but I’d like to hear what you have to say.”

“Before I give you an answer can I ask Kimora a few questions which I’d like honest answers to?”

“Of course.”

“Thank you. How long have you been his slave?”

“I’m actually Mistress Miranda’s slave, but everyone in the house has free and unlimited access to me. I’ve been serving her for the last four years and Master Allyn for the last three.”

“And do you like being a slave?”

“The short answer is yes.”

“And the long answer?”

“Is too long to go into but I’ll sum it up by saying being a sex slave has brought a completeness to an otherwise empty life.”

“And you’ll really let them do whatever they want to you?”

“As long as it’s legal.”

“I see. Does anyone know you’re a sex slave and how have they reacted to it?”

“I don’t hide who I am from anyone. If they don’t like it then they’re free to make friends with someone else. I won’t lie, almost everyone reacted negatively to the news, but those that mattered, those that realized they would rather have me in their lives than not eventually came around and have accepted me for who I am.”

“Is he the one that impregnated you?”

“No. I’m carrying Mike’s baby.”

“No offense, but if everyone has free access to you then how can you be certain?”

“None taken. And I’m sure because Mike claimed me for his own just to breed me and he was the only one I had sex with for six months before he knocked me up and three months after I found out. Well, the only man that is. I’m not going to lie, Maggie, being a sex slave isn’t easy. Sure, the sex is amazing, but giving up all say and control over your entire being is one of the single most difficult things a person can do. Over the last four years I’ve watched hundreds of men and women claim they have what it takes but of them only a handful have stuck with it for more than a year. Mistress Megan is one of them.”

“Wait, she’s a slave?”

“Yes,” Allyn answered. “Her training started the day she turned eighteen. Your friend Ashley is her first slave and attempt at being dominant.”

“Wow! What about your mother?”

“She’s a switch. That’s someone that’s dominant or submissive as the scene dictates.”

“And you and Mike?”

“One hundred percent dominant.”

“If I agreed to be your slave for the next three months what would you put me through?” In response Allyn spread his arms to indicate everything in the

dungeon and then some. “Right. And if I say no?”

“Then we waste time figuring out what you do and don’t like.”

“I honestly don’t know what to say,” Maggie said as she looked around the room. “Don’t get me wrong, I love sex, but I’m not entirely sure I’ll like every single fetish known to man.”

“Then say no,” Allyn replied.

“I want to, but at the same time I want to experiment. What if I agreed to be your slave for like a couple of days to see if I liked it and then we could go from there?”

“I can agree to that but no pills unless you’re my slave for at least three months.”

Her clit as hard as her nipples, Maggie nervously chewed her lower lip while mulling it over. “Okay, I’ll do it. I’ll be your slave for the next three months.”

“Kimora, go get a new bottle of pills for our newest slave.”

“Yes Master.”

“Oh my god!” Maggie gasped. “I can’t believe this is really happening! I’m a slave. I’m actually a fucking sex slave.”

“Well, a slave in training anyways. To test your willingness to go through with it I’m going to mark you as such. Kimora, please teach her the inspect position and clean her mound and breast while I get things ready.”

“Yes Master.”

“M-M-Mark me?” Maggie stammered. “W-What do you mean?”

“Master,” Allyn replied. “Now that you’re my slave you will call me Master. For failing to do so you’ll get ten swats of the cane on your ass. As for how I’m going to mark you, you’ll just have to wait and see. Unless you’re a liar and don’t really want to be my slave that is.”

“D-Do you actually know what you’re doing Master?”

“I wouldn’t do it if I didn’t, slave. Now, do as Kimora says while I set up or you’ll be permanently banned from this property for being a blatant liar.”

“Y-Yes Master.”

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Maggie had plenty of opportunity to walk away before it was too late but she stood in the middle of the dungeon with her legs spread and hands clasped together behind her head even as the tattoo gun inched closer to her left breast. Biting her lower lip, she closed her eyes but was commanded to keep them open and to watch as she was marked a slave one line at a time. Needle pierced tender flesh. She winced but remained still as a statue for fear of additional swats. Eyes locked on her left breast she watched as the words dairy cow formed in fancy script. When her first tattoo was finished she watched her new Master ink breeding cow on her mound and then in an act of ultimate submission she stood there and allowed him to brand her right hip with OWNED BY MASTER ALLYN written around a triskelion.

“Well done slave,” Allyn said as he placed the branding gun on the cart. Three days or thirty years, you’ll forever be marked as mine. Kimora, I would like you to explain the rules of discipline to her while I clean up.”

“Yes Master.”

“I already read the rules in the paperwork I had to sign before your mother would let us in, Master.”

“And I want Kimora to go over them again.”

“Yes Master.”

“Master, will she be assuming the wall or punishment position?” Kimora asked

“I think wall this time.”

“Thank you Master. You will assume the wall position,” Kimora explained.

“That’s where you place your hands on the wall shoulder height. You will then back up and spread your legs until nearly bent at the waist and your hands are well above your head. When Master lands a swat you will count and give thanks.

On odd numbered swats you will say thank you Master for teaching me this lesson and on even numbered swats you'll say I vow to use it to be a better slave. If you break position, forget to count and give thanks or say anything other than the count and thanks you'll move up to the next level of discipline which are listed on the poster hanging on the wall to your left. Any questions?"

"No," Maggie said just as the dungeon door opened. Spinning on her heels she watched Megan walk in. Two steps behind her, on all fours and still dressed as puppies were Ashley and Brianna.

"What's going on" Megan asked. You going to be long? I've got a slave to mark."

"Since when do you know anything about marking slaves? Allyn asked.

"I don't. Mom will be down in a few minutes to do it for me."

"Are those tattoos I see on your breast and mound?"

"Yes Mistress," Maggie answered.

"Explain."

"I agreed to be Master Allyn's slave for the next three months in exchange for some pills to make me lactate faster and the first thing he did was tattoo and brand me."

"That's funny. I made the same deal with Brianna. So, are you going to be long?"

"That all depends on how well she takes her discipline," her brother replied.

"It's late and I've got a lot of work to do so discipline her in your room," Their mother said as she walked into her dungeon. "Megan, get your slave ready while I set up."

"Yes Ma'am."

One week later...

Healed enough to finally work, Ashley pulled into the parking lot of Milkers Paradise at ten-thirty to give herself enough time to clock in and get a general idea of how the place ran before her shift began at eleven. She really wanted her friends there with her but their outer labia piercings prevented them doing so. She had been preparing for this day for more than three months, subjected herself to nearly every perversion under the sun with few exceptions. She had been fisted in pussy and ass, drank gallons of piss, and had gallons of milked sucked and pumped from her breasts and been gang banged so many times she was amazed how tight she was at the end of the day. But all of that was in the privacy of her Mistress' home. This was public. This was in front of countless men and women not only in the club itself but streamed live to the internet for a reported half million members worldwide.

Nerves aside, she knew what was expected of her and she was more than willing to comply with every demand no matter how humiliating, degrading or taboo. As she neared the back door she heard the familiar voice of her biological mother Cynthia calling out to her from behind. "Hey mom, you working to night?"

"I work every night sweetie."

"Why? Don't get me wrong, it's cool that you do but you own the club. You can sit back and relax and let management take care of everything."

"I could, but then I'd be missing out on everything the club has to offer."

"So, you'll be in there to see everything I do?"

"And you'll see everything I do. We won't be doing anything together so don't make it weird. Anyways, you don't want to be late your first night so you had better get your butt inside."

"Yes Ma'am." Knowing her mother would not play favorites should it come to

being disciplined, Ashley pulled the door open and stepped inside. Her mother walked in right behind her and placed a hand on her shoulder.

“Follow me and I’ll show you where to clock in and then I’ll show you around so you have an idea where everything’s at. Assuming you still haven’t checked the place out online that is.”

“I didn’t want to ruin the surprise.”

“Fair enough. The door at the far end of the hallway leads into the club proper. We work on a membership basis and all members and employees must swipe their card to gain entry so make sure you have yours when you leave or you’ll be disciplined for leaving it behind.”

“Um, but I don’t have any sort of card!”

“You’ll get one once we make it to my office,” Cynthia said as she swiped the plastic identification card. The light on the card reader turned green and she pulled the right door open. “This is the main dungeon,” she said, spreading her hands out before her and her daughter. “As you can see it’s a much larger and well-stocked version than the one we have at home. You’ll also notice ten stations along the left wall and fifteen along the back. Those are the milking stations. Yours is number twenty-three in the back right. We’ll get back to that in a moment. On the right is the bar where you can order anything from the menu free of charge. The stairs on the left lead up to the various specialty rooms while the ones on the right go to the offices. Are you getting all of this?”

“Yes,” Ashley answered as her eyes darted around the huge open room. Milking stations on the left and back walls, I’m station twenty-three. Left stairs go to the specialty rooms and right to the offices. And I can order anything I want from the bar free of charge. I may be in shock at what you and mom built here but I can still hear what you’re saying,” she said referring to her other mother Doctor Nadine Holt – inventor of the pill bearing the same name as the club.

“Watch your tone young lady or those fat tits of yours will be caned before you even start. The hallway on the left leads to the employee lounge where you can take your breaks and freshen up. The ones on the right and back lead to bathrooms accessible by everyone. Every single square inch of the club including the bathrooms are wired with cameras that record and stream everything live to the internet.

“Why are some people wearing hoods and masks?”

Those are members who for various reasons do not wish to have the world knowing what they’re into,” her mother explained. “When playing with them you are not to take their mask or hood off or ask them to do it. If you do you’ll automatically receive one hundred swats of the cane and a write-up.” Weaving her way through her club, Cynthia led her oldest daughter to the hallway on the left and the employee lounge where five women – four of which were obviously pregnant relaxed on what appeared to be incredibly comfortable couches arranged so up to a dozen of them could converse face-to-face.

“Evening, Mistress,” an ebony beauty who appeared to be five or six months pregnant greeted her boss.

“Evening Misty,” Cynthia replied. “Ladies,” she nodded to the rest. Everyone, this is my daughter Ashley and this is her first night on the job.”

“Nice meeting you,” Ashley said, her voice nervous.

“Likewise,” a petite redhead pumping milk from her breasts replied. “I’m Heather and I’m at station nine. What about you?”

“Um, twenty-three.”

“Cool,” Misty grinned. “I’m at twenty-two so we’re neighbors. Are you new to bdsm, or have some training?”

“I’ve spent the last three months being trained as a sex slave.”

“Nice. So you’ll be doing it all then?”

“That’s the plan.”

“Anyone we know training you?” Misty asked, her eyes going from daughter to mother.

“Do you know Megan Kellerman?”

“Sex slave and submissive through and through Megan Kellerman?”

“That’s the one. Her mother, um, bought me and gifted me to her.”

“Wow, I can honestly say I didn’t think she had it in her. She treating you right?”

“As right as one can treat a slave. That sounded much better in my head. Yes, she treats me very well and I firmly believe her training as a sex slave makes her uniquely qualified to train them. Anyways, do you want to get me that card so I can clock in before I’m late and disciplined before I even start, Ma’am? You know, that doesn’t even make sense. I’m on salary. Why do I need to clock in?”

“To ensure we have a record of you being here when you should be,” her mother answered. Come on, let’s go to my office.”

“Yes Ma’am. Nice meeting you all. Hopefully we’ll have more time to talk later.” Following her mother out of the lounge and back into the club, Ashley watched as a dirty blonde woman wearing a three-quarter mask to conceal her identity tied to a spanking bench was fucked from both ends at the same time as a busty Japanese woman alternated dripping hot wax on her back and flogging it off. A dozen feet after that she saw a thin black man riding another black man’s cock while a third slammed in and out of his mouth. “God, this place is amazing.”

“Oh honey, you’ve barely scratched the surface of what goes on around here,” her mother said.

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After having pictures taken of every inch of her body clothed and not, Ashley was issued her employee ID. After clocking in with barely a minute to spare, she was taken to station twenty-three. All of the stations were identical consisted of a queen sized bondage bed with pillory built into the footboard and four-corner restraint system for quick and easy bondage. To the right of the bed was a shelf lined with bottles of lube under which hung canes, floggers, paddles, crops and whips. To the left were three large cabinets built into the wall. The top had the name Haley expertly carved into the left door. The middle had the name Renee on the right. The bottom set of doors was blank.

“Because we’re open twenty-four seven and have limited space each station is used by up to three women,” Cynthia explained. “You’ll share yours with Haley who will take over after you on first shift and Renee on second.” Holding out a

set of keys on a ring, she continued. “These are the keys to your cabinet. Inside you’ll find an assortment of toys as well as a checklist of how to clean and sanitize your station. Make sure to follow it to the letter or you’ll be severely disciplined. I’m serious on this one, Ashley, if anything is found out of place you’ll receive three hundred swats for the first infraction, five hundred for the second and you’ll be fired for a third.”

“So, um, do I have to stay here for my entire shift or can I walk around?”

“With the exception of breaks and using the bathroom you’re required to spend your entire shift at your station. Don’t worry, it won’t take long for someone to come over and use you for one fetish or another. As a slave you may not refuse anything that falls under club guidelines. If you’re unsure, you may call a Master or Mistress over for clarification. They’re the ones you’ll see wearing a white band around their right bicep.” Seeing Misty watching, she added “You may talk to your neighbors so long as it does not interfere with you or them pleasuring a member. You are not to leave your station unless a member wants you and them at the same time. Any questions?”

“When do I get to take breaks?”

“You get a half hour break from one to one-thirty, an hour lunch from three to four and another half hour break from five-thirty to six. You do not need to clock out and in unless you leave the premises and your shift ends at seven. Anything else?”

“No Ma’am. I think I’m ready to get to work now.”

“Good luck sweetie.”

“Thanks mom.”

“One last thing before I leave you to it. If you want to sell your milk in the shop you’ll need to pump it when not being used and as soon as you fill a bottle give it to any of the dominants and tell them it’s for sale and they’ll take it to the shop. You’ll be paid as it sells.”

“Full price or a cut?”

“You’ll receive seventy-five percent and it’ll be added to the following week’s

check. Anything you make from tips will be paid cash by the member requesting service. There's a small lockbox in the cabinet. I suggest using it. Now put that sexy body of yours to use."

"Yes Ma'am." Once she was alone at her station, Ashley unlocked her cabinet and took stock of the metal and glass dildos in various shapes and sizes from as thin as a finger to as thick as a fist and as long as her forearm. The two shelves on the left had gags and clamps laid out on them while a clipboard hanging on the right held an extensive checklist for cleaning and sanitizing everything from the toys to the bed and floor.

"Hey babe," a man said as Ashley was taking a closer look at her selection of toys.

Turning, Ashley saw a tall, fit older man she would guess to be in his mid to late forties from his short salt and pepper hair dressed in a tailored grey suit and mask covering the upper half of his face. "Hello Sir, How may I serve you?" she asked.

"Well, you can start with a name," he said, stepping into her station.

"I'm Ashley. And you are?"

"You can call me Brian. And you can serve me by letting me drink your milk while fisting your pussy."

"It would be my pleasure, Sir." Knowing the only way she would actually get tips would be to mention prices before they got started, she brought up a mental image of the pricing list her mother gave her over three months ago – a list she committed to memory. "How long would you like to drink and fist me, Sir?"

"Hmm...Let's go for an hour. Or is that too long for you?"

"I can go all night Sir," Ashley said with her sexiest wink. "An hour for each will cost you fifteen hundred." That was it. She threw the price out and now it was up to him to accept it or walk away."

"Can you take two hands at the same time?"

"Do you mean pussy and ass or same hole, Sir?"

“Same hole.”

“I can take two hands at the same time up my ass but only one in my pussy, Sir.”

“How much to drink your milk and fist your pussy for an hour and then to double fist your ass for an additional hour?”

“Double anal fisting will add an addition two thousand, Sir, for a total of thirty-five hundred.”

“Done.” Stepping over to the bed, he unbuttoned his suit jacket. “Don’t just stand there, slut.”

“Sorry Sir, but you need to pay before I’m permitted to play with you.”

“Right, sorry. I was just so taken in by your beauty I got ahead of myself.” Reaching into his left inside jacket pocket he pulled out a thick wad of cash and laid out thirty-five hundred dollar bills on the bed. He then scooped it up and handed it to Ashley who immediately put it in her private lockbox.

“Thank you Sir. Sexily chewing her lower lip, she unlaced her corset as he unbuttoned his shirt. She had been fucked nearly twenty-eight hundred times in the last three months. She had dicks of all sizes from six inches to nearly eleven. But this was the first man she had ever been with that was not black and she wondered how he would compare. Trained by Megan to strip slowly, to tease she had to force herself to take her clothes off fast enough to not waste a lot of her clients’ time and money. Corset on the floor just as James was pulling his pants off, She tugged her skirt down her toned legs.

“Fucking hell!” James exclaimed when he saw the plugs lining her outer labia spelling out SEXY SLUT with the one in the top left from his perspective bearing an image of cuffs and the bottom right a collar. “That looks as hot as I bet it was painful.”

“It hurt like hell, but was worth it Sir. Tonight I’m wearing plugs but I also wear eyelets so I can be locked tight,” she said as she crawled into bed. Reaching up, she grabbed a bottle of lube and made herself comfortable. James joined her and after a bit of repositioning he was drinking from her right breast and fucking three fingers into her and she slowly stroked what promised to be a nice sized cock. “I’ve been trained to take the largest of hands with ease, Sir, so please feel

free to shove the whole thing in.”

Not wanting to stop drinking her sweet milk James acknowledged by scrunching his fingers into a cone and pushing his hand into her to the wrist. Making a fist, he pushed three inches deeper and was rewarded with her first squirting orgasm. Using her juices as additional lube he fucked his hand in and out while continuing to drink.

Her first client satisfied, Ashley quickly freshened up and relaxed on the bed waiting for another seeking her service. It did not take long for word to spread that not only had the club hired a new dairy cow but that she was also the daughter of one of the owners. Everyone wanting a piece of her, she only had about three minutes to catch her breath before a line of men, women and transsexuals lined up to use her for their own sexual gratification. First up was a middle-aged overweight white man that wanted to use her as his urinal. Three hundred dollars richer, she accepted and slurped it down without spilling a drop. After him she spent fifteen minutes nursing a husband and wife couple while jerking him off and fingering her. He blew his wad with five minutes to spare and she eagerly licked her fingers clean. The woman got off with seconds left on the clock and then moved on to make room for the next in line.

Three lithe, perky-breasted brunettes wearing form-fitting latex dresses stepped into station twenty-three smiling ear to ear. “How much to triple team you for the next hour? The one in the middle asked.

“Sorry, Ma’am, but I only have forty minutes before I go on break. We can go that long or I can see the three of you immediately after.”

“How much for half an hour then?”

“With all three of you at the same time? Seven-fifty for just sex. Anything else is extra.”

“I think sex will do for now babe.”

Money was handed over and as the women stripped out of their dresses and Ashley’s eyes went to the bulges in their panties she knew she was in for an exciting half hour. They would be her first transsexuals and her heart raced at the prospect of getting them all off at the same time. Pushed back on the bed, she was maneuvered on top on one who introduced herself as Kelly who filled her with her stiff seven inches. Melissa – the woman that did the initial talking grabbed a cane from its hook and moved into position to deliver some swats as

Olivia got on the bed for a blowjob.

“Wait!” Ashley called out. How many swats are you giving me?”

“Oh, I don’t know. How does thirty or forty sound?” Melissa answered.

“I need an exact number so I can give you a price,” Ashley said as she bounced up and down on Kelly’s cock.

“I want to fuck your sexy ass so let’s go with twenty-five.”

The normal price was ten dollars per swat, but twenty-five was the first price break point. “That’ll be two-twenty-five,” Ashley said, still avoiding the cock trying to fill her mouth. Melissa produced the cash and she sucked Olivia’s hard eight inches balls deep. Not instructed to follow the rules of punishment, she continued sucking – her throat and pelvic muscles constricting with every hard swat lining her ass with welts. Five. Ten. Twenty. Every swat caused her to wince but she did not stop sucking or fucking. The last five landed across the backs of her thighs. A moment later Melissa’s cock was buried in her ass. She then felt several fingers pushing in alongside. And then, while Melissa continued pounding her ass her hand went in. Ashley then felt Melissa’s other hand being pushed into her pussy quickly enticing another orgasm from her.

Twenty minutes in Ashley was swallowing Olivia’s load. Four minutes after that Melissa and Kelly filled her ass and pussy respectively. Well trained by her Mistress, she dutifully sucked them clean one after another until their half hour was up. “Thank you,” she purred. “It has been my absolute pleasure serving you.” Exhaling, she looked over the line of twenty or so men and women. She wanted them all but unfortunately she was not at home and her mother made it very clear that she was not to work through her breaks so she let them all know that she was going on break in ten minutes. Two women paid to cover her in piss while another man paid to see her drink it. Wiping herself off as best she could so as not to track it throughout the club, she quickly made her way to one of the showers in the employee lounge.

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After the quickest shower of her life, Ashley plopped down on one of the couches and breathed a sigh of relief. The door opened and her mother walked in. “How you holding up?” Cynthia asked.

“Never better. I’ve taken every bit of advice everyone gave me to heart and have already earned quite a bit in tips. Or at least I think it’s quite a bit.”

“How much if you don’t mind me asking.”

“Fifty-eight hundred.”

“For two and a half hours that damn good sweetie.”

“Beginners luck. Also, I have a feeling a certain mother let it slip that I’m your daughter and who doesn’t want to humiliate and degrade the owners daughter?”

“Not me. I mean I’m not the one that said anything.”

“Then who? Wait, does that mean you want to humiliate and degrade the owner’s daughter?”

“Of course not. And even if I did this isn’t where I’d do it.”

“Yeah, it would be pretty stupid to do it with your own daughter on camera.”

“No offense sweetie but I wouldn’t have sex with you on or off camera. I only meant I wouldn’t do it here because I know none of this is humiliating or degrading for you.”

“Fair enough. So, I was wondering when I’ll be able to roam around and experience the rest of the club.”

“When you’re not on the clock.”

“I figured as much. I’ll have to work something out with Mistress Megan. I was also wondering what I do if someone wants to use toys and equipment not in the station.”

“You don’t. Believe me, I’d love for every station to have everything but that’s just not feasible so we have to make do with what we have.”

“I’m not complaining, mom, I was just curious. So, I take it I’m not allowed to bring in something just for my station?”

“I appreciate your enthusiasm, but no. Anywho, I’ve got some paperwork to get

done but if you need anything don't hesitate to ask. If I'm not around then any of the Masters and Mistresses will be more than willing to lend a hand or two," Cynthia added with a knowing smile."

"Thanks. I've still got nine minutes so I'm just going to sit here and recuperate. What are you doing for lunch?"

"Same thing I do every night. Eat at the bar."

"Mind if I join you?"

"Of course not. But you might want to spend it with your Mistress," Cynthia said as the door opened and Megan walked in, her naked body covered in sweat and welts."

"Hi Mistress! I was wondering when I'd get a chance to see you. Um, are you okay?"

"I'm fine. I'm going to go take a shower now."

"Would you like me to wash you Mistress?"

"Do you have the time?"

"I've got about eight minutes, Mistress."

"I'll be fine. Finish your break and we'll talk over lunch."

"Yes Mistress." Watching her Mistress, Ashley's eyes nearly popped out of their sockets as she saw Megan's backside which was covered in nasty red and purple welts from shoulder to ankle. "My god! How many swats did you get, Mistress?"

"Three-hundred-eighty-four," Megan said as she disappeared into the bathroom.

"Um, mom, I need to go make sure she's okay and I don't care if it means I'm disciplined for it."

"I assure you she's fine and strongly suggest getting back to work on time but you do what you think is best for you. Now, I need to get back to work so unless

there's anything else you need..."

"Wait, you said I had to take the entire break and all employees must follow the rules so why do you get to break them without consequence?"

"I'm not breaking any rules."

"You've only been here about ten minutes and you're already returning to work. That's breaking the rules, mom."

"While I might work here I'm not an employee so I'm not breaking the rules. Also, I was sitting at the bar for a good fifteen minutes before coming in to see how you were holding up and by the time I get back to my office it'll be a half hour so still not breaking the rules. You'll have to try harder than that if you want to see me disciplined." Giving her daughter a wink she walked past the couch and out of the lounge.

With just a few minutes to spare, Ashley got up, stretched and walked into the bathroom to make sure her Mistress was truly okay before returning to her station for the next leg of her first shift.